

GRAPHIC

Vol. XXII. No. 8

Los Angeles, Cal., March 25, 1905

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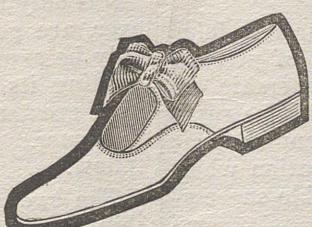
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Matters of Moment

Chicago's Municipal Campaign.

The municipal campaign at present in progress in Chicago is attracting the attention of the whole nation. The issue which overshadows all others is the municipal ownership of the street railways. Next month the people will decide between immediate steps for municipal ownership and an extension of the franchises. It is remarkable to note that no voice is raised against the theory of the municipal ownership of public utilities or natural monopolies. The only question that, on the surface, at least, divides the two opposing parties is that of expediency—how soon such a colossal undertaking is feasible.

The Republican candidate for the mayoralty, John M. Harlan, favors a restricted extension of present franchises, with ultimate municipal ownership as the goal. "No solution will be accepted," he says, "which does not make effective and genuine provision for municipal ownership and operation when the city shall be legally and financially able successfully to adopt it."

Judge Edward F. Dunne, the Democratic candidate, favors immediate municipal ownership, and, in a measure, immediate municipal operation. Judge Dunne's position was so unequivocal that the independent municipal ownership candidate withdrew, "taking his place in the ranks of the supporters of Judge Dunne not because he is the Democratic nominee, but because he stands earnestly and honestly for municipal ownership, and that through his election alone can the streets of Chicago be now saved to the people."

Much will depend upon the result of the campaign, not only in Chicago but throughout the country. The success of the Democrats—although that term is almost a misnomer because old party alignments are entirely ignored—would not only give an extraordinary impetus to the municipal ownership idea everywhere, but would probably tend toward the reorganization of the National Democratic party on a public ownership platform.

Judge Dunne and his supporters do not believe the obstacles to municipal ownership are by any means insurmountable. If the companies will not arbitrate and agree on a selling price, then it is planned to begin condemnation proceedings and let the courts set the price. The municipal ownership supporters realize that litigation is inevitable, but are not afraid to force it.

Mr. Harlan's platform is not satisfactory either to the believers in municipal ownership or its opponents. It is pointed out that his pretense in holding out the hope of municipal ownership and operation "sometime" is a deception. Many of his supporters believe that the time "when the city shall be legally and financially able to adopt it" will never come; therefore the time will never come when Mr. Harlan will advocate municipal ownership. Furthermore, since the campaign began, J. Pierpont Morgan and Marshall Field have entered into negotiations to consolidate both traction interests and are represented in the mayoralty campaign by Mr. Harlan's Business Men's campaign manager, Mr. Selfridge, lately Mr. Field's partner.

But it is to be noted that even Mr. Harlan promises that no traction franchise shall be granted without "ample opportunity" for a Referendum petition under the public opinion law. His opponents, however, maintain that these petitions must be so large as to make the work of getting them an enormous and therefore discouraging task.

The important lesson that is to be derived by outsiders from the Chicago campaign is the popular demand for municipal ownership of natural monopolies and the general confidence in its feasibility. Nowadays, there are few people who maintain that water, light, telephones and transportation are not natural monopolies; there are few who can pretend that the public service is in any way benefited by competition. The belief that municipalities should themselves own and operate such natural monopolies is only a step further. Such undertakings, however, are generally of colossal magnitude and can only be assumed gradually. Los Angeles is demonstrating its ability to handle the supply of water with greater economy and more satisfaction for the consumer. Other demonstrations undoubtedly will follow.

The two great difficulties that municipal ownership of natural monopolies has to face are: First, the enormous initial cost of purchasing established companies or instituting rival systems; and, secondly, the difficulty of securing honest men and experts for the public service.

If Chicago should decide next month to undertake the ownership and operation of its street railways, the experiment should prove of the utmost value to the whole nation.

New York's Venal Vote.

John Gilmer Speed, a writer of authority, is responsible for a remarkable article in Harper's Weekly on the purchasable vote of New York City. Mr. Speed, after a careful study of facts, estimates that the venal vote in the metropolis amounts to 170,000. At the last election money was plentiful and Mr. Speed considers it safe to say that \$300,000 was spent in addition to the \$124,000 for workers and \$150,000 more "knocked down" by leaders and

captains, amounting to a grand total of over half a million dollars. It is to be noted that Mr. Speed's estimate of the purchasable vote is almost half of the total number of votes (368,072) that were cast in New York City at the last Presidential election. Mr. Speed, however, believes that less than thirty per cent of the New York voters are venal, so that the honest citizens can carry any election if only they choose to do their duty.

Gothenbergization.

The question of a citizen's personal liberty as to what he shall drink, how, when and where he shall drink it, threatens to become more complicated in Los Angeles. While certain good men are endeavoring to persuade their fellows to sign petitions in favor of liquor only being sold in restaurants and clubs, other good and enterprising citizens have more or less startled the community by their proposal to secure a monopoly of the retail liquor business and to conduct it on what is known as the Gothenberg system.

Is it possible to Gothenbergize us?

One of the proposed Gothenbergizers explains that "the breweries have secured control of everything." The Gothenbergizers in turn propose to "secure control of everything," but do not propose to brew the beer. For the comparatively modest sum of \$250,000 the Gothenberg promoters expect to establish a "saloon trust." Their plan is to buy up all the licenses and saloons in Los Angeles and then reduce their number, probably to fifty or seventy-five. After deducting 6 per cent on their investment, they propose to donate to the city for public improvements any surplus profits. The bartenders will be picked men, will be well paid, and will be given a bonus on the sale of non-alcoholic beverages, which will form a preferred feature of all these establishments. In the Gothenberg saloons there will be no "treating," no gambling, no serving of drinks to women, no drunkenness, and other objectionable features of saloons will, it is promised, be eliminated. In other words, the liquor traffic will be conducted on the highest moral principles, and the Gothenbergizing philanthropists are apparently fully prepared to risk even personal loss of investment in their crusade to regenerate mankind. At the same time, there are those who believe that they would easily realize their 6 per cent and besides be able to make valuable donations to the public treasury. If, however, the Gothenbergizers were to succeed in their avowed effort to minimize the traffic in intoxicating liquors and to popularize the use of the non-alcoholic beverages, it is obvious that they would considerably decrease their income. They would seek to abandon their most profitable source of revenue in favor of the "temperance drinks," on which the profit would be small, because of their undertaking to pay commissions on all such trade.

But even if Los Angeles were prepared to vest such enormous power in the hands of a few men, who might be unselfish philanthropists today but might be succeeded by men of a different character and motive, the question arises if it is feasible to consolidate the retail liquor business, and how the retail liquor dealers could be coerced into selling their interests.

Certain it is that the independent retail liquor dealers and the brewers who control the majority of the saloons would not part with their properties for anything like the sum suggested—although Mr. O. T. Johnson is quoted as saying, "I don't think the investment would amount to \$250,000." As a matter of fact, there are several saloons in the center of the business district which are valued by their proprietors at from \$30,000 to \$50,000. There are probably twenty saloons which could not be purchased for the sum the embryo Gothenbergizers mention, and it is estimated that to purchase the 200 saloons would mean an investment of at least two million dollars instead of one-eighth of that sum.

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.

Hands Off, Mr. Smith

There were not a few people who scoffed at the idea advanced by the *Graphic* that the city's sanction of the invasion of Central Park by the Public Library building would prove to be the "entering wedge" for other buildings. "Let us have the Library there," they cried, "because we can't afford to buy a site. But the building will only occupy 100 by 150 feet and we'll never ask for more!" That was the ante-election cry. Three months later Councilman Smith rises to voice his belief that the library building should be placed in one corner of the park. In addressing his colleagues last Monday he said it would be only a few years before it would be necessary to move the city hall, and there would be need for a number of public buildings to care for all the requirements of the municipality. Now that the city has voted to grant space in the park for the library, Mr. Smith took that as determining the policy to be followed, and he thought other buildings should be built in the park as rapidly as they are needed. Happily, the councilman from the Fifth Ward did not find anyone to agree with him, and the library trustees were allotted the ground in the center of the park. Councilman Smith is very much mistaken if he imagines that the people will sanction "other buildings being built in the park as rapidly as they are needed." The sanction given to the public library was an exception, and even that was given grudgingly. The small remaining space of Central Park is far too precious as a public breathing place for the invasion of any other building.

Contrasts.

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace;
Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack.
The battleship plunges along, a fortress a-swim in the seas,
But over the selfsame waves the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world?
Is it love?
Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall
subt'etly triumph, or right?
Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's
glove,
But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in
the end, is might.

—E. S. Martin, in *Scribner's*.

By The Way

Pardee, the "Bolo King."

At the present moment we may incline to regard Governor Pardee with a little more favor in that he refused to sign certain bills to which the best interests of Los Angeles were vehemently opposed. But the "good doctor" by achieving such remarkable popularity with the late Legislature seriously injured his chances of ever again being regarded with confidence by the people. Senator Ralston was one of the very few legislators who independently and manfully "bucked" the Governor's time-serving diplomacy, and it was the senator from the tenth district who proved to be a thorn in Pardee's side throughout the session. It was Ralston, too, who dubbed him the "Bolo King." Bolo being interpreted means "hot air."

Disqualifying Reformers.

It is interesting and perhaps instructive to note how the turning down of C. D. Willard by the Legislature is regarded elsewhere. "Town Talk" regards this and—Mr. Willard was in good company—the rejection of Andrea Sbarboro of San Francisco, another representative reformer, as "the most significant incident of the late session."

"Mr. Willard of Los Angeles," continues my San Francisco contemporary, "is a Good Government Club man intent on purifying the politicians and setting things right. No blowholes could be found in his armor, but the statesmen objected to him on the ground that he was the representative of the long-haired fraternity, and Pardee withdrew his name. In doing so he virtually affirmed the disqualification of reformers, for there was no charge of unfitness against Willard, and the only objection to him was that he spent too much time blocking the enterprises of machine politicians."

Little Willie—I say, pa, what is an empty title?"

Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present."

School Bonds Voted.

On Tuesday, by a small vote numerically but by a 10 to 1 majority, the proposed bonds for the improvement of both the common schools and the high school were endorsed. The bonds will amount to \$780,000, of which the grammar and primary schools will get \$520,000, the high school \$260,000, while \$40,000 will be expended on the Parental School, which is to take the place of the Detention Home. The school extensions and improvements were sorely needed and there is considerable satisfaction in the knowledge that this money is to be spent by a Board of Education in whom the people have every confidence. Is not the proposed "Parental" School a misnomer? The idea, of course, is that the school is to act in loco parentis, but the title suggests that it is to be a school for parents, which probably is a much-needed institution, but one to which our civilization has not yet attained. In providing school room for the ever and rapidly increasing hosts of children, will not the Board of Education try the experiment of open-air schools, an idea that I have

previously advocated in these columns and which has proved very successful and health-giving elsewhere? Certainly there is no such favored spot on earth for open-air schools as Los Angeles.

Electric Car Accidents.

I pointed out the other day that if an effective campaign is to be waged to prevent street car accidents it is essential that fairness and truth should be characteristic. I notice that Wednesday's Examiner swells its list of victims of the cars by the fatal accident to F. T. Knuckles at Compton the previous evening. Then the Examiner truthfully states the facts, which, summarized, are that Knuckles was walking along the private right of way of the Pacific Electric railroad; that his companion shouted a warning to Knuckles, who was walking between the tracks; that Knuckles heard the warning, but "became somewhat confused, however, and stepped on the track in front of the car and was hurled to his doom." Now, what on earth is the good of compiling a list of people who lose their lives by their violation of law and carelessness, unless it be a warning to the public? The unfortunate Mr. Knuckles obviously had nobody but himself to blame. He was trespassing on a private right-of-way and "lost his head" when a car approached. If there is to be any value in the compilation of street car accidents it is certain that the compilation must be of two classes: those who lose their lives or are injured by their own fault, and those whose lives or injuries can fairly be charged to the electric railway companies.

Gas Cohorts to Fight.

Are we on the verge of a gas war? Men in the American National Bank have organized the People's Gas Co., with authorized capital of \$5,000,000, and Lowe's miniature plants are to be taken over as a nucleus of an octopus-fighting corporation. There can be no doubt about the popularity of the venture. Already similar success to that attained by the Home Telephone Co. is prophesied, and the new company is assured of ample opportunity to "make good." I look for a fresh alignment of the newspaper forces in this struggle—provided the situation ever reaches the dignity of a "struggle." The newspapers—that is, the Express and Record—have accused the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company of every conceivable offense. The corporation is responsible for all street car accidents; it caused the floods; it started Hatfield and shut him off; if all that the evening press has said is true. The Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company has a good many sins of omission and commission to account for, but it has its troubles, "even as you and I." Its chief trouble in the last few years has been to provide for the rapid growth of the city.

Postpones Municipal Ownership.

As far as I can see the chief result of this new turn of gas affairs will be to postpone municipal ownership, and that I consider a direct setback for the people's real interests. Things were getting ripe for the purchase of the gas plant. It is far more difficult to deal with two corporations than one, when municipal ownership comes up. In the mean-

time, if the People's Gas Company carries out its announced intentions, there will be a fight. If the People's Company is strong enough to stay, the companies will patch up a peace agreement and one of the vital points of this agreement will be that the public will get none the better of it. The public never does.

A Rattling Contest.

I look for what my friend, Professor Thomas J. McCarey, calls "a rattling contest" when the companies once get busy. There will be slashing and rate-cutting and general be-devilment such as corporations well know how to devise. The first suggestion about the position of the city comes from Mayor McAleer. He wants all litigation against the Lowe people dropped. Bless his innocent heart, it isn't likely to be. Litigation is a favorite weapon of "the System" when a fight is on; the more involved it gets, the better "the System" likes it while the cruel war progresses. The People's Company, I presume, will inherit the quo warranto proceedings in the case of the city against the Independent Gas Company (Lowe), which, I believe, are now up to the Supreme Court; and, depend upon it, suits will fly thick and fast later on. These quo warranto proceedings involve the right of the Independent to operate without a franchise.

The little grandson of the multi-billionaire wept bitterly. "What's the trouble?" asked the indulgent grandsire.

"He wants the moon, sir," explained the nurse.

"Well, I can't give it to him just now," replied the old man with a sigh; "he'll have to be satisfied with the earth until next week."

Express Minus Clover.

Edwin T. Earl, president of the Evening Express Company, has given Samuel T. Clover, for the past three years and a half editor of the Express, three months' leave of absence. That, I understand, is the "official" account of the severance of Mr. Clover's connection with the Express. But there is not one chance in a hundred that Mr. Clover will return to his desk on Fifth street. The Express is Edwin T. Earl's property and, of course, he is entitled to do what he likes with it. Probably he is quite satisfied that he knows more about his own business than anybody else, but I venture to predict that he will live to regret his present experiment. For I understand Mr. Earl will henceforth be his own editor, which, it must be admitted, is in itself something of an experiment.

What Clover Did.

The Express was at a loose end when Clover arrived from Chicago, bought one-third of its stock, and was engaged by Earl as its editor and general manager. Only a short time before the paper had been released from servitude as a Water Company organ. Mr. Earl, who had lately sold out his fruit shipping business to the Armours, had bought the newspaper. The advice of his friend and neighbor, H. G. Otis, had not a little to do with his investment. Mr. Earl was considered exceedingly fortunate to have secured the services of such an able and experienced newspaperman as Clover. For nearly ten years Mr. Clover had been editor of the Chicago Evening Post, and had previously gained an enviable reputation as an enterprising and attractive writer. Editors are not infallible and Clover made mistakes,

the chief of which was that he moulded the Express on too high a plane, endeavoring, apparently, to model it after the Chicago Post, which was distinctly a class paper and catered exclusively to superior tastes. But the mistakes of Clover's management were of small weight in the balance with his successes. In the first place, he gave the paper a strong individual character and made it a force in the community that it had never been before. That force was for what the editor believed and saw to be right and was manfully independent. The very independence of the editor's judgment occasionally led the paper to take positions precipitately, but every position was characterized by courage and positiveness. Furthermore Clover could hit hard and in a way that took the popular fancy. If he erred in his general policy, it was in that he presented the news too conservatively and his editorial policy too radically. But the confidence of the public was gained by the transparent integrity of motive in the paper's views, and, mainly for that reason, the Express began to prosper.

Will Be Missed.

I am afraid there is little chance that Clover will return here, and his is a personality too individual and energetic not to be considerably missed even in these days when individuality is no longer an essential in the daily press. During the last two or three years there has been no mistaking the Express's policy. In the language of the street, it has been the organ of the "Long Hairs," although even the Express has shied at the no-saloon movement, believing, as the majority of prudent men do, that the scheme would prove neither practicable nor beneficial. I have frequently differed radically from the Express, but I have almost invariably been interested by its point of view—particularly by the plucky and spirited way in which it was presented. And, unless I am altogether wrong, it was this that was the paper's main attraction for its readers. Of course, the removal of Clover will be a source of very considerable satisfaction to the editor of the Times, who has incessantly sought his scalp ever since he arrived here. I imagine, however, that the differences between Mr. Earl and Gen. Otis are now so acute that even the removal of the thorn that

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pricked the old warrior's hide so sorely will not cause a reconciliation over their back fences near the placid waters of Westlake Park. In the meantime, however, I do not expect to see Mr. Earl achting for any more encounters with his neighbor. While the proprietor himself will direct the general policy of the Express, the executive management will be in the capable hands of Harley W. Brundige, who has been identified with the paper for a number of years and was Mr. Clover's right-hand man.

Personal Visitation.

The Board of Police Commissioners, who certainly seem determined to discharge their duties faithfully and independently, established a new precedent last Saturday evening by making a personal tour of the saloons, under the guidance of Chief Hammel and Capt. Auble. Such a tour was no doubt instructive both to the commissioners and the saloonkeepers. It appears that it was in the resorts that are run under the guise of restaurants that violations of the law were observed. It is a pity that these visitations by the mayor and his commissioners cannot be more frequent. Their usefulness, however, would be annihilated as soon as they became frequent, because the board would become familiar figures and warning given of their approach. If their inspections could be continued with regularity it would be discovered that their experience of Saturday night would be repeated. In nine cases out of ten it is at the resorts where liquor is sold under restaurant licenses that the law is violated, that drinks are served without even the pretense of pretzels and cheese or a mouldy sandwich as a meal. Yet it is these establishments that Dr. Chapman and the Prohibitionist Hosts propose to legalize while they abolish the saloons. Of course, it is only a percentage of the restaurant licenses that are abused. It is almost impossible for a man with his eyes open to confuse a bona fide restaurant, where regular meals are served day and night, and where eating is the main purpose of the establishment, with the resorts where meals are incidental and drinking is the excuse for their existence. In the last five or six years in this city the abuse of the restaurant liquor license has been responsible for more drunkenness and vice than the 200 saloon licenses.

Taking Hatfield Seriously.

During the last few weeks Hatfield has become a household word, so much so indeed that affairs are announced "Hatfield permitting." The young "rainmaker," at this writing, is only within a small fraction of the required 18 inches and is fairly assured of the prize of a thousand dollars which certain merchants in an exuberance of generosity promised him in the event of Los Angeles being blessed this season with that amount of rain. I am not a scientist, nor a son of a scientist, nor am I prone to scoff at things I don't understand, merely because I don't understand them. Instinctively, however, and from the little I know of the elements, I have no more faith in the efficacy of Hatfield's machinations than I have in praying for rain when the wind is in the wrong quarter. I have yet to discover any man with the least pretension to science, or with any knowledge of "weather," who has any other opinion of Hatfield than that he is an ingenious young

trifler with public credulity. Among those who are disposed to take Hatfield seriously I note Edward H. Hamilton, one of Mr. Hearst's cheery and picturesque penholders. Mr. Hamilton, however, is singularly inaccurate in attempting to demonstrate "facts and figures that warrant careful consideration of Hatfield's claim as a rainmaker." "Eighteen inches of rain," says the Examiner scribe, "is far more than has fallen in the southern city in many years." If Mr. Hamilton will consult Fred Alles's admirable "comparative rainfall chart" he will discover that only two years ago, for the season of 1902-3, the rainfall in Los Angeles was 19.30.

Johnson—He said I was an addle-plated jackass. What do you advise me to do about it?

Jackson—See a good veterinary.

H. E. Returning.

There does not seem the smallest prospect of the H. E. Huntington family ever establishing itself in Los Angeles, although we shall continue to be graced by Howard's permanent residence here and the presence of H. E. whenever he can spare the time. Mr. Huntington, Sr., never announces his arrival and arrived last July when he was least expected. Then he expected to stay only two weeks, but stayed over four months. His handsome suite of rooms in the Jonathan Club is kept ready for him at any moment he may arrive, and there is at present a presentiment around the Huntington building that his cheery greeting may be heard in the very near future. When he left here last December he expressed his intention of getting back just as soon as possible, and he is also exceedingly anxious to see the new Jonathan Club in all its glory. In the meantime, Mrs. H. E. Huntington and the Misses Huntington have leased a house in Ross Valley for the season.

Chinese Confections.

I attended the banquet given by the Chinese Reform Association to His Excellency Kang Yu Wei on Saturday evening in Chinatown. We were regaled with real bird's nest soup, stewed shark fins, and other mysterious Celestial dishes, which tasted good but of which I refrained from asking the basis, as I did not wished my enjoyment spoiled. Seriously, if the jaded frequenters of the regular downtown restaurants wish a novel titillation of their palates they should frequent the new Chinese restaurant. I do not know the name, but I can recommend a potage made of ham, fresh mushrooms, celery root, veal and pickled ginger. I am sure this would meet with Ben Truman's approbation. It does not sound so badly, and it tastes a deal better than it sounds. G. C. Johnson, one of the Chamber of Commerce members officially present at the banquet, would not eat the bird's nest soup because he had never seen the bird.

Too Cheap for "Bubbles" Brady.

Colonel Martin Brady has been in town this week selling "bubbles." I saw the Colonel in Sacramento during the session, where he expected to dispose of many magnums of his wine. But it was a cheap lot he had to deal with. As Ed Niles put it one day last week, "There is nothing in politics any more. When senators put their price at \$350, it is time for honest

politicians to go into real business. In the old days you could not do business with a senator for anything less than five figures. I'm glad I became a plain farmer before statesmen became so demoralized." I don't know anyone better qualified to speak on such matters than Ed, for he never bribed a man in all his political career. I know this is so, for he says so himself.

What a Boa!

She was a tenderfoot, and so interested in Southern California! She walked into a newspaper office one day last week and said, "Can anyone tell me when they will shear the birds at the Ostrich Farm?" She was told that the ostriches would be shorn simultaneously with the plucking of the sheep, at the same time that the hens would be busy picking eggs.

A polite, middle-aged negro was locked up charged with being drunk on the street.

An officer passing the cell asked: "Sam, what are you charged with?"

"Boss, I've charged with alcohol," was the reply.

Tom Williams's Latest.

Thomas H. Williams, president of the California Jockey Club, has played many parts in his day. He used to bear the unenviable distinction of being called the "Bad" Tom Williams to avoid confusion with the "Good" Tom Williams, who is Hearst's ablest lieutenant. But since he abandoned financing comic opera stars and shooting editors, he has become a "pillar of society," so far, at least, as the ability to pile up dollars goes—which, nowadays, is almost everything. No sooner had Williams been relieved of his anxiety with the Legislature than the details of his latest scheme were announced. As a matter of fact, the Espey anti-racing bill did not keep him awake at night, for at no stage of the game was there the slightest danger of its passing twenty-one hungry Senators, all led by Senator Leavitt, whose racing program concessions at the Williams race tracks are worth \$10,000 or so a year to him. But Tom Williams, having discovered what money can be made out of horseflesh, has now turned his talents to steers, sheep, hogs and goats. He is at the head of the Mexican International Investment Company, which has secured from President Diaz a twenty years' concession granting it the exclusive right of all the slaughtering within the limits of the "federal district," which embraces the City of Mexico and contains a population of over 500,000. I am told that Williams and his partners, among whom are Adam Andrew, his racing colleague, and W. F. Herrin, secured this concession for \$250,000, and that a conservative estimate of its value is at least \$2,000,000. Four years or so ago the Mexican government, inspired mainly by sanitary necessities, determined to conduct its own abattoirs. It proved too expensive an experiment, mainly because more



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Mexicans than beesves were slaughtered. Then the concession fell into the hands of a nephew of Diaz, who determined to make the federal slaughtering house a model establishment. To do that he had to adopt American ideas and to enlist American capital. The opportunity came Tom Williams's way and he seized it. The abattoir which the Williams syndicate has just installed is as good as any plant in Chicago and its refrigerating department alone can take care of 2,700 carcasses. Williams believes that the bulk of Mexico's general trade, which now goes East, should be secured by California.

A Turk with nine wives in his harem
Turned a mouse loose one day, just to scare 'em;
But the ladies "stood pat,"
They were moved not by that
To lift up their skirts. They don't wear 'em.
—Town Topics.

The Foothill Philosopher.

Charles Matthias, the Chicago writer, who has been spending the winter at Sierra Madre, left for Hot Springs, Ark., last week to stay three or four weeks, after which he will return to Chicago. That Mr. Matthias absorbed the inspiration of the foothill environment is shown in the circumstance that three of his stories in current publications are located in this vicinity. "A Foothill Strategist" in "The Pilgrim" for March will easily be recognized by the good people of Sierre Madre. "At the Last Chance Mine," the April number of the "All-Story Magazine," tells of doings in the Mojave desert, and "The Spoil of the Egyptian," in the April "Red Book," is also a desert tale. Obviously, there is no lack of literary inspiration to be had in the neighboring foothills.

Gubernatorial Ambitions.

Secretary of State Curry appears to take his gubernatorial boom very seriously, and indeed he could readily be made a decided factor in the contest two years from now. He is different from Charlie Colgan, the controller, who has regularly, for a decade or more past, launched his boom for the same place. Colgan ties up a few delegates by this means, so that when convention comes he is able to determine who will win and to make such trades as to render his renomination for the controllership a certainty. Curry has the advantage of being educated for the place; he would not have to spend any time after his election learning what to do as Governor. But there is a Los Angeles man ticketed straight through for the place, and unless all signs fail he will journey to Sacramento. No, I do not mean Ferd Rule. Freddie Smith placed Ferdie in nomination last winter, but Rule has bucked at the Smith program, and is happier governing the Jonathan Club and planning the destiny of his new city Vegas out on the Salt Lake railway.

Dr. Tayler in Cleveland.

I heard this week from the Rev. B. W. R. Tayler, formerly rector of St. John's Church here, and now of the Church of the Good Shepherd of Cleveland, Ohio. His parish is situated in the heart of a large manufacturing district. He had lived in a wealthy parish; he wanted the experience of a poor one. A short time ago Dr. Tayler opened a free reading

room, which as a place of recreation offers a counter-attraction to 300 saloons within a radius of one mile. Dr. Tayler is determined to prove that the cry about the church neglecting the poor and the laboring man shall be shown to be false. The free reading room is looked after by the men's club of the parish, which consists almost exclusively of laboring men. It is open to everybody and there are no fees or dues. "This is the only place of its kind," says Dr. Tayler, "which offers a counter attraction to the saloon. The intention is not to wipe out the saloons: I am not tilting at windmills. But the saloon undoubtedly does offer many attractions to the young man who has nowhere to go. We hope to draw him here and keep him away from evil associations." Dr. Tayler is right. That is the only effective way of fighting the saloons.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree;
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."
—Puck.

Drawing It Too Fine.

The police commission in its zeal has o'erleaped itself. According to the recent ruling published about restaurants, if you take your wife to the Angelus grill or the Bristol after the theater you can drink your glass of beer but she cannot be given anything but a lemonade or Queen Charlotte, unless you want to buy her a meal, which the commission declares cannot be a lunch or a sandwich. The same rule is in force whether you take your wife or some other lady. This is a very bad rule. Lemonade costs more than beer, and an after-theater lunch is quite expensive enough—a full meal would mean ruin to many Hall Room boys who are in society—so-called. Divine Providence seems to have ruled wisely in decreeing that reformers as a rule shall be good men but bereft of common sense. A few more azure-tinted revivals of Connecticut's laws will indeed justify Jim Lankershim's plaint that this is a jay town.

Dr. Baer Explains.

Dr. H. T. Baer, of New York, is in the city with his wife, Miss Mabel McKinley, who is singing at the Orpheum. Dr. Baer is a nephew of President Baer of the Reading railway who has become famous as "Divine Right" Baer. The newspapers, it will be remembered, claimed that during the coal strike he assumed that his position and properties came to him supernaturally. "That is all wrong," said Dr. Baer. "I am familiar with the details of that episode. Mr. Baer has never denied it and never will, for he is not that sort of man. Bishop Potter wrote to my uncle during the coal strike, mentioning himself in some terms as acting by 'divine right' in his assumption of the position of mediator. Mr. Baer replied to him, taking the ground that he in turn

had divine right to attend to his own business. It was simply a use of the Bishop's own phrase in reply thereto. More than that, the letter was a personal and private one to the Bishop in reply to his own and was in no sense a communication that the recipient should have used in any other way than a response to a letter. I have often urged Mr. Baer to set himself right before the public on that point, but as I said he is not the man to respond to such attacks, and has never published the facts in the case."

Walter Dinmore on Velvet.

Walter Dinmore has been in town this week. Walter now travels with a valet and a secretary. You remember Walter, of course, if you lived here six or seven years ago, when he had a soap company which came to grief. Now he has a big trade in California wines—a very fashionable trade, for he makes hotels such as the Waldorf, the big Plant hotels in Florida, the Palace, the Potter and the like his offices. He travels with a suite, and dresses as they do at Palm Beach. Even the magnificent Jonathan Club rooms failed to excite his admiration, though the time was when the Jonathans were far humbler than now when Walter was a potent factor in that organization. He has been unfortunate in his matrimonial affairs since then—twice unfortunate, if my memory serves me right—but, financially, he is now on velvet—silk velvet at that.

Wm. Sproule's Illness.

Never was greater care taken of a sick man than of William Sproule, freight traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Railway. For over a month

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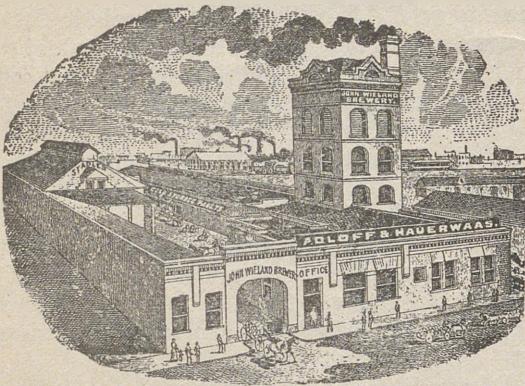
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"Billy" Sproule, as he is affectionately known by hundreds of prominent Californians, lay desperately ill in a Chicago hospital, suffering from acute rheumatism. His colleague, J. C. Stubbs, had a private car fitted up as a hospital, and with a doctor and two nurses Sproule is being brought home by easy stages. There is no more popular railroad man on the coast than Sproule. He has the native Irish wit and an endless fund of anecdote. He is still a bachelor and a few years ago was president of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco.

Van Loan's Greatness.

Charley Van Loan is the latest citizen to have fame thrust upon him. I thought the acme of fame-thrusting had been reached when a few days ago I noticed that a saloon on Main street, between Fifth and Sixth, has been christened "The Huntington." Further inquiry shows that the Huntington is run by "Billy and Sam." Charley Van Loan's distinction is through cigarettes. I ran across this Son of Mirth a few days ago on Spring street. Absent-mindedly he produced a fancy gun-metal cigarette case; inside were perhaps twenty fat coffin-nails, with cork tips, and just below the tip the initials "C. E. V. L." Van wanted to explain that a friend of his made up a special lot of 500 as a personal compliment, but such yarns do not capture the senses of the discriminating. We may soon expect the Van Loan cigarettes. Why not? It is just as good a name as the Van Bibber. I even believe that "Loan" is a better word when you are on the receiving end than "Bibber," and the Vans are just the same.

Charlie Orr's Return.

Charles E. Orr, the brilliant golfer and well-known clubman, returned unexpectedly the other day from Cuba, where he has been sojourning for the past thirteen months. In partnership with his two brothers Mr. Orr has gone into the cultivation of citrus fruits in the island republic. They bought 450 acres of land within 70 miles of Havana and already have 50 acres planted to citrus fruits. Mr. Orr says that it will only be a few years before the Cuban orange will prove a serious competitor to California fruit. Land can be bought, cultivated and planted for one-quarter the cost in Southern California, and the comparative proximity to the big markets will be another great advantage. There is every indication that fruit of the highest grade can be raised. Mr. Orr says that an enormous amount of American capital is now being invested in the island, but he is doubtful if Cuba will be capable of self-government when Palma is no more. "Charlie" was always well tanned, but a year's hard work under Cuban skies has made him browner than a berry. For the first three months he subsisted on rice and beans and lost 60 pounds. However, today he looks exceedingly fit and well.

Theory and Practice.

William Pridham when he decided to go to the California Hospital and submit to an operation for appendicitis created some stir among the Christian Scientists, of whom he has been a leading factor for twenty odd years. I do not understand that Mr. Pridham has by any means proved apostate, but theories that at other times appear reasonable may

seem vague in contrast with the glint of the scalpel when one is facing death by reason of an angry, ready-to-burst vermicular appendix. I think it altogether probable that a man who is alive but minus his appendix by reason of a surgeon's knife can be just as efficacious a Christian Scientist as one who is dead and retains that vexatious, useless bit of anatomy because he stuck to a theory.

Richard Barry's Lecture.

Some weeks ago I wrote of the wonderful success that has crowned young Richard Barry's energy and pluck as a war correspondent. Barry came home this week for a short stay before sailing again for Manchuria, where he hopes to follow the Japanese army to its final triumph. All who know young Barry are proud of his success, but the proudest of all is his mother, who for the last six weeks has been helping her son in the disposition of his valuable manuscripts in the East. Barry won his success by the everlasting "stickativeness" which characterizes the best newspapermen of the day and also by a power of graphic description, plenty of evidence of which he showed while he was writing dramatic criticisms for the Times three or four years ago. Today Mr. Barry will lecture before the Friday Morning Club on the siege of Port Arthur, and he is certain of an audience that will crowd the building.

Solomon's Wisdom.

Rabbi M. G. Solomon, who some time ago abandoned the law and the prophets for the profits of the law, is now to essay the lecture field. Mr. Solomon was, if I mistake not, the first pastor of the B'nai B'rith temple on Ninth street. Then he gave up the pulpit and studied law. He is a profound scholar and an original thinker and for some years has devoted himself to sociological studies. The rabbi has now prepared a course of lectures which he will deliver at Masonic Hall next month. The title of his first lecture will be "Let There Be Light," dealing with the history of education; in his second lecture he will discuss standards of education, and the subject of his third discourse will be "An Intellectual Aristocracy or Democracy?" From what I know of Dr. Solomon and his ideas, I can cordially recommend his lectures as of value to anyone interested in educational problems.

"Are you going to entertain after Lent?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls will have a lot of people at the house, as usual. But I never can tell whether they are being entertained or bored."

Our Only Chance.

As if there were not already sufficient inducement for everyone who "has the price" to hear Heinrich Conried's expensive songbirds next month, the ultimatum has been sent forth that this will be the first and last visit of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company to the Coast. Manager Behymer has received the following drastic note from Ernest Goerlitz, who is Conried's right-hand man:

This will be the first and last time of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast. The season at the Metropolitan hereafter will be of twenty weeks' duration and Conried will not travel hereafter. Please give this fact

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(Signed) ERNEST GOERLITZ.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?"

"The girl next door is having her voice cultivated."

"Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."

Double Dress for "Parsifal."

When "Parsifal" was first produced in New York over a year ago there was much discussion among smart people as to the correct costume to be worn by those in attendance. As the performances began at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and with intervals lasted till nearly midnight, both sexes were at first non-plussed. Neither women nor men cared to don full evening dress in broad daylight. When "Parsifal" is given here next month, however, there need be no difficulty, for an intermission of two hours will be given between the first and second acts, which will allow plenty of time for those who are anxious to change costumes, even if they have to hurry over their dinner to do so. The overture to "Parsifal" will commence here at 5 o'clock and the curtain will fall on the first act at 6:45. There will then be an intermission till 8:45, and the opera will be concluded at 11:15. While this arrangement is admirably convenient, I'm afraid it will encourage the women to insist on the necessity of having two new gowns for the opera instead of one.

Fremstadt to Sing Kundry.

Fremstadt will sing Kundry in "Parsifal" here, though I understand my friend Behymer was anxious for Nordica. Personally, I am glad that it is to be Fremstadt, whom we have not heard here. The Kundry of Nordica is approached from its intellectual side. The sinless youth, whose senses she seeks to allure in Klingsor's magically constructed garden, must first be won by vanquishing the defenses of the soul. Fremstadt's portrayal, while founded upon an intellectual perception of the value of the means employed, is warmly sensuous in tone. Ravishing in its seductive charm, this young and lovely singer's voice has also a warm and caressing quality of tone, fitted to express in fullest measure the physical allurements which the arch-temptress exerts in the garden scene upon the charmed senses of the unawakened youth. Aloys Burgstaller, the German tenor, is a Parsifal with assets. His fame began in Bayreuth, and he is so much needed there that Mme. Cosima Wagner, in spite of her wrath at his defection to the ranks of the enemy, has already made overtures to secure his services for her forthcoming Bayreuth festival. Burgstaller's impersonation is considered particularly apt in expressing the boyish innocence and purity of Parsifal. Van Rooy, an artist to his finger-tips, the possessor of a grand voice, and regarded by many as the finest Wotan New York has ever seen, will appear as Amfortas, and Goritz, a singer of sterling ability, will be Klingsor.

Reciprocity Sessions.

With most women's clubs these days, writes my club correspondent, co-operation is the watchword, and the organization of this character that is not interested in what its sister clubs are doing is the ex-

ception. Still, although reciprocity meetings long have been in order throughout the East, the Los Angeles clubs have lagged behind in this matter, until at length the Wednesday Morning Club has taken up the proposition, and resolved that it will be down to date in this particular. Accordingly, plans have been made for a reciprocity session to be held at the time of its last meeting this month, and I hear that club women in all parts of Southern California are deeply interested in the project. The delegates, who are to be representative of many bodies of women in this part of this State, will come prepared for an all-day meeting. It is rather significant that the subject for this meeting is to be "The Home," and the near approach of the session brings to mind circumstances in connection with the selection of this topic. It was about the time that the recent evangelistic campaign in Los Angeles was drawing to a close that the Wednesday Morning Club decided to have a reciprocity day. It will be remembered that at this stage of the revival proceedings one of the evangelists made an unwarranted attack on women's clubs in general, asserting that they were the means of causing neglect in the homes of members. Many a club woman in Los Angeles was indignant over the thrust, and the Wednesday Morning Club, in a spirit of championship for the home, decided to make it the subject of the reciprocity meeting. It is a fact that domestic life, and the methods of making it more delightful for the family, occupy much thought with the local club women, and the Ebell has a department entirely devoted to questions of the home. This is conducted by Mrs. Robert J. Burdette and Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, and is considered probably the most interesting section of the club, although it is the newest.

The Foot of the Ladder.

Joseph Scott has a poor opinion of the theory that a man to succeed in life must begin at what is termed the foot of the ladder. I heard him tell his experience at the bottom rung recently. "When I left college," he said, "I got a letter to a big man in New York from a friend. When I was admitted to The Presence he looked me over and said he thought I would do. 'But there is only one way in which men in New York become great,' he added, 'and that is by commencing at the bottom of the ladder. I'll give you your start, and I think you will work out.' I thanked him and he gave me an order for a position. When I got it I found it was shoveling coal. Then I started at the foot of a ladder with a hod on my back. I never saw the New York magnate again, but he wrote to the friend who had sent me to him that he was disappointed in me, for he thought that I would succeed if I had started at the foot of the ladder. I wrote back that his theory of the bottom of the ladder might be all right, but I drew the line at a ladder that had only one rung."

"Aye Fechting."

To be close onto three score years and still be a champion golfer is a record than any man may well be proud of. Walter Fairbanks, the "Foxy Grandpa" of golf, repeated his victory at Los Angeles by winning the Coronado championship last week "hands down". "'Aye fechting against you,' as

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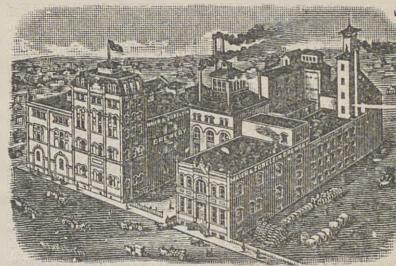
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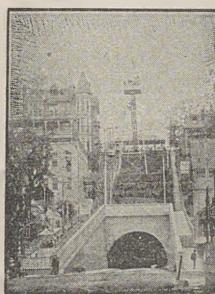
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old Tom has it, is the way to win matches," said Fairbanks once, in an interview, which gives a side light on the man. "The point in every first-class player's game which ordinary good, steady players have not is power of recovery. We do not, I think, practice the niblick shots enough, although no doubt some of us also practice them too much, involuntarily and without conspicuous success. The late and long to be lamented Freddie Tait was a wonderful player out of difficulties, and he once told me that he enjoyed forcing away a cleek shot from a bad lie more than any other stroke. I once saw John Ball, Jr., in a championship round at Prestwick bunkered in the 'Cardinal' from the tee. Instead of playing up the side of the great natural bunker, he played back a few yards to a piece of grass, chopped the ball up with his mashie and holed out after all in 4. I also saw John E. Laidlay, bunkered from the tee, just get out with his niblick and lay the ball dead with a full brassey shot, winning the hole and the match, his opponent missing a shortish put. A fine player is one who can play a good shot from a bad situation. Any angry man is a beaten man." Life and golf are very much alike, after all.

The Religious Novel.

The novel of the future "will be religious in the highest and best sense just in the degree in which it is permeated by the sense of life." Thus Hall Caine thinks (in an article in the World's Work and Play) we shall have more and more religious novels, and that novelists will tend more and more to those endowed with the best minds, the richest natures, the

strongest souls. Nevertheless, Hall Caine does not think that a good novel can ever be "a conscious amalgam of fiction and religion, or that the novelist who has any sense of art can at any time allow himself to 'mount the pulpit.' * * * If the writer of fiction, while in the act of writing, is not wholly occupied by the human story he is telling—the joys and sorrows, the loves and hates, of his characters—the result will be a bad novel." Once, the novelist confesses, he projected and partly wrote a story based on that of Mary Magdalene, but that novel will never see the light. The religious novel, as Hall Caine conceives it, which is to dominate future fiction, deals neither with the scenes nor characters of the religious world, nor yet with religious dogmas, "but with the religious sense in man, the feeling for the supernatural, the consciousness of God's governance of the universe, and that deepest of all questions—the meaning of life." He continues: "And in order to write a religious novel of this broadest character it is first of all necessary that the novelist should be a man who has lived much, felt much, read much, and thought much, and with that equipment has set about to use his own vehicle in its only legitimate way, not as a sermon or philosophical treatise."

The Only Potent Feature.

George Cake has frankly defined the purpose of his Tammany club. It intends, according to Mr. Cake, to control city Democratic conventions. It will probably succeed as there does not appear to be any intention of any other influence to bother about controlling the municipal Democracy. But will the Municipal League find favor with Mr. Cake or he with it? The last election showed that the Municipal League portion of the city Democracy was the only potent feature it had.

A Scotch divine had risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a man in the front row of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. Noisily the whole deck was scattered over the floor of the gallery.

"Oh, mon! mon!" solemnly remarked the minister, "surely your psalm buik has been but ill bund."

A Kipling Letter.

Rudyard Kipling is still the critic laureate of England. He feels the shortcomings of his countrymen as keenly as he did when he stirred up their indignation by referring to "the flannelled fools at the wicket, the muddied oafs at the goal." In a breezy letter, written by way of introduction to the English edition of Vicomte d' Humiere's book on "The Island and the Empire," Mr. Kipling says, among other things:

"From the point of view of an inhabitant, I am specially delighted with your tributes to the energy of the race, a thing which some of us at times today begin to doubt. There exists—I am glad you did not see it—an England, which, ruined by excess of comfort, has gone to sleep, and, because it snores loudly, believes that it is thinking."

"Your comments on the army seem to me very just. Above all, you have put your finger upon one vital point of our training when you speak of men who 'understand that they must not understand.' I think that is at the bottom of many of our successes

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"If I could see you, I could discuss more at ease than here a thousand interesting matters in your book. Notably what you have observed of the national coolness of temperament. No, our 'chastity' is not all cant. It is an administrative necessity forced upon us by the density of the population. Imagine a land with 400 people to the square mile—if they were penetrated with a refined and enduring sensuality! It would be an orgy! It would impede traffic. Consequently, we are brief and businesslike in such matters. Also it is a meat fed people, of whom 6,000,000 (or more than one-seventh) live in a city which, for five months of the year, swims in semi-obscenity alternating with profound darkness. We realize that this is exciting to certain nerve centers and we—the land—take exercise to counteract the stimulus. 'We understand that we must not understand.' To understand everything may be to pardon everything, but it also means to commit everything.

"I have only one complaint to make, but it is a serious one. In your book you said that I adore Offenbach! I am not a musician, but even I have some dim knowledge of pleasing sounds and I fear you must have misunderstood me. No, not Offenbach, never Offenbach. Except on a barrel organ as a relief to the songs of the music halls, my own perhaps!

"I would sooner be the 'aggressive Imperialist' of fiction than an adorer of Offenbach.

"RUDYARD KIPLING."

ONE THING YOU OUGHT TO SEE

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SANTA FE

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

Don't think I am "handing out" any bouquets to Los Angeles, or in any way attempting to "knock" your beloved New York City when I tell you that we have acquired something in our very midst that can't be beaten (I doubt if equaled) anywhere in the world. This same something is Spier's new millinery establishment, which opened this week at the corner of Hill and Third streets. The place is so beautiful and so absolutely novel for this part of the world that in gazing around I almost forgot to look at, or, rather, ask to see, any of the tantalizing new spring millinery which has just been opened up. My dear, the most perfect taste is displayed in this establishment. Almost a solemn hush pervades the softly-carpeted big parlor. Instead of the old-time forests of hats perched on poles and impossible pink-cheeked wax ladies, one finds an entire side of the room composed of heavy mahogany, crystal-handled wardrobes, each one containing a different selection of the various styles of female headgear. There are soft green tones on the walls, a mossy, soft, green carpet, Chippendale chairs and furniture, heavy mirrors and aesthetic curtains and draperies. The only reminder that one is in a millinery store lies in a beautiful old-fashioned glass cabinet filled with some of the choicest of the new spring flowers. The whole place is perfectly lovely and a fine tribute to the enterprise and taste of Mr. and Mrs. Spier. I have, as you know, dawdled away many an hour in the smartest "hat shops" of London, Paris and Vienna, but have really never seen anything that touches this, our own swell new establishment.

This morning I went with a friend to Coulter's to assist in the selection of a new wrist hand-bag, which she had planned to give as a wedding present to her girl chum. We saw some beauties, in all shades, shapes and sizes, but discovered that the very latest "nippiest" thing in these vanity bags (good name for the little conceits I think) come in black seal

Wash Goods

We have the exclusive right to the sale of an elegant new weave in washable Philos silks—expressly for shirt-waist suits; a mixture of raw silk and linen, very similar to the well-known Rajah, Burlingham, and other leading silks selling at twice the price. This fabric comes in 28-inch width, at seventy-five cents a yard; twelve popular shades—*ciel* (sky blue,) myrtle, leather, pongee, lesbos (light green,) beige, tobac, gray, gobelin, marine, black and porcelaine. Remember, no other Los Angeles store can show or sell the Philos.

*These are on sale in the Wash Goods
Section—Second aisle left of entrance,*

Coulter Dry Goods Co.,

317-325 S. Broadway

leather, with flat handles and buckled over in a sort of reticule form, which is likely to prove somewhat of a sorrow and disappointment to an errant "Raffles." The one we selected was lined in lavender and contained nearly everything but coin of the realm. Little looking glass, powder puff, "nose dab," scent bottle, purse and silver pencil. It was so exceedingly chic and stylish that I very much envied the lucky little recipient.

We went on to the Ville de Paris and, as usual, there saw such a number of lovely summer dress goods that we were sadly puzzled which to select. These cool summer sheer materials are most tempting; some of the figured silk mulles are really as fine as cobwebs. We were shown a new Japanese-looking material called "crepe Yetto" that charmed us. It had a soft lavender flower pattern and was tenderly reminiscent of the little Jap mousme. I think my friend, who is always a wee bit jealous, decided against it on that account, thinking, perhaps, it were as well to let her handsome husband forget the little episode in the land of the cherry blossom. So she selected for a shirt waist suit a delightful new material of linen known as "Voile." It is a firm and solid texture and will make up into a very smart and useful suit. She selected a bright frog green, but they come in all shades of blues, tans, browns and grays, and we were assured would wash to perfection.

By this time I had to keep an appointment away down Broadway at George P. Taylor's smart dress-making establishment. My dear, we saw the most exquisite wedding gown there—in Madame's department—it is possible to conceive. Of palest shell-pink meteor silk—a texture that looked more like crepe chiffon—it was exquisitely trimmed with hand-embroidered jeweled balloons all over the skirt and round the dainty corsage. The yoke was of finest rose point white lace, through which would peep a pretty neck and shoulders. Myriads of little hand-made roses of the pink silk peeped from among the spangles and tiny jewels. The drop skirt of white taffeta was shivering with chiffon frills and the effect of the whole robe was truly beautiful. It takes a French artist to evolve such a prize winner of a wedding gown. It seemed bathos to have to descend, after seeing this lovely creation, to look at some manly garments on the ground floor. But there is a horse-show coming off at Pasadena next week, and all the "Johnnies" in their sporting togs will be there, and it is Mr. Taylor and none other who

can cater to the tastes of the well groomed sportsman. He has a fine display of leather waistcoats straight out from London Town, jaunty neckties, four-in-hands and the very latest things in driving gloves and breeches.

Talking of the horse-show reminds me of some most advisable tailor-made things I saw down at Blackstone's. Have you seen any of these new collars, turn-over embroidered linen affairs? They are very much the latest wrinkle and are in the very best form. Many of them are simply turn-over collars, underneath which you have to slip an up-to-date hand-embroidered four-in-hand silk or linen necktie. Some of the Buster Brown shapes are very novel and would look stunning on a silk shirtwaist. There is any amount of work on these dainty linen collars, with their long embroidered stoles, and if the idea of making one for oneself occurs, it is quickly dismissed on discovering the very reasonable prices of these neat new conceits.

I find on every side that the absolute rage this season is to be for embroidery open work of all kinds more or less elaborate on every possible garment. But for truly beautiful embroideries, you must see the stock at the Boston Store. They have the loveliest selection there of old English hand-embroidered flounces, skirt lengths, and "sets" one could wish to see. The finest patterns in that lovely Swiss embroidery almost as fine as rose point and known as Pointe Galle made me yearn for a dainty summer gown. Nothing is lovelier than one of those pure white embroidered dresses, and some of the scalloped edgings and flounces—every stitch done by patient fingers—are the choicest I ever saw. They had a sale of these lovely things in the Boston Store on Ash Wednesday which alack! I happened to miss. They have such lovely lengths for little children's frocks and my small daughter can never have enough "prittily" little gowns. You will have to come in soon, my dear Harriet, and make your summer purchasers and I fear me greatly I will never get you out of the adorable Boston Store. Well once more I say adios. Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa St., March Twenty-second.



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Newest Spring styles in oxfords and high shoes for men and women.

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Over The Teacups

Less and less prejudice seems to be entertained in regard to Lenten weddings, and the superstition that a bride married in the season of sackcloth and ashes will live to repent the step has little effect to delay nuptial affairs in these days. Several notable marriages were planned for the present season—among them that of Mrs. Purden Smith-Miller and Dr. W. H. Hall, which took place Wednesday. Mrs. Hall was a charming young widow, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. T. McArthur, and her brother, Beauchamp Smith, of Los Angeles, for a year. She has made many friends here and is much admired. Dr. Hall is of Butte, Mont., and thither he has taken his bride. A series of pre-nuptial affairs, given in honor of Dr. Hall and his bride, helped to enliven the early part of Lent, and some of these were attended, too, by persons rather strict as a rule, in their observance of the season. An exception it seems can be made in favor of a popular bride.

Religious regulations are interesting when one begins to delve into them and seek to separate one code from another. In connection with the subject of Lenten weddings, Belle Coulter's wedding to John Posey was, you remember, the event of Lent last year. I am reminded that while the Coulters have always been prominent in society, they nonetheless have very pronounced ideas concerning certain social customs in which some of their associates indulge. There was a time when the Coulter girls, Miss Belle and her aunt, Miss Frances, were debarred from the pleasures of dancing because the elder Coulters had religious scruples, and on one occasion I recall that they went to Kramer's, assisted in preparations for

The following handsome notice of a new firm in Los Angeles, appeared in the last issue of the Omaha "Excelsior", for the last twenty years the leading society paper of Omaha:

"The Misses Terrill, who are to open up their dressmaking business on April 1st in Los Angeles at 338 South Hill street, will be greatly missed by the fashionable set in Omaha. Our best dressers had learned to depend so entirely upon them that they felt quite lost when the announcement was first made that they would give up their fine business here. The visits that the Misses Terrill made every season to Paris and other centers of European fashion, as well as the inside opportunities that always appeared to be at their command to privately examine advance models in the most exclusive houses in New York City, kept them thoroughly posted as to the exacting demands of Dame Fashion. Added to this was a wonderful intuition of what was becoming to different women, and, relying on this, their customers felt that this firm could always be absolutely depended on as to fashion, fit and finish. At their rooms were also to be found the daintiest bits of lace and exquisite embroideries picked up abroad which under the deft fingers of their skilled employes frequently added many a finishing touch to a superb creation. The Misses Terrill retain the kind regard of all our best known women."

Every Parisian and Fifth Avenue Design Displayed
in Los Angeles at Earliest Possible Date

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SOUTH BROADWAY

Importer and Designer of
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY
Each Collins Hat embraces the very latest ideas
of the select Designer

a sorority ball, to which guests from all over the State were bidden, and then, just before the opening of the brilliant affair, left for home, in deference to the family standards. Still the Coulters do not see the necessity for keeping Lent, and it makes no difference in the carrying out of their social obligations.

Miss Gwendolen Laughlin was one of the Lenten entertainers this week, giving a luncheon at her West Adams street home Wednesday. Two luncheons also were given this week by Mrs. John F. H. Peck of the Baker Block.

As I predicted would be the case, we have been regaled this week with the announcement of another engagement. Ever since the return of Miss Phila Johnson from abroad rumors of her prospective marriage to Lawrence Burke have been whispered, but the family was not ready to make the formal announcement. Miss Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail Johnson, and is well known to the younger set, although she had been absent at Smith College for some time before her trip abroad. She is a girl of winning personality and popular with many friends. Mr. Burke, who is a Southerner, came here from Texas and is engaged in contracting. No date has yet been set for the marriage.

Now that the Friday Morning Club has leased the Women's Club house for three years longer, the question of purchasing the building has been dropped for the present and there is a belief on the part of many that the club never will own it. When the structure was erected this was done in the name of the Club House Association, made up, with the exception of two members, from the Friday Morning Club adherents. Practically, it was thought, the house belonged to the club, and when the time for

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

526-528 Trust Building

Second and Spring

Los Angeles, Cal.

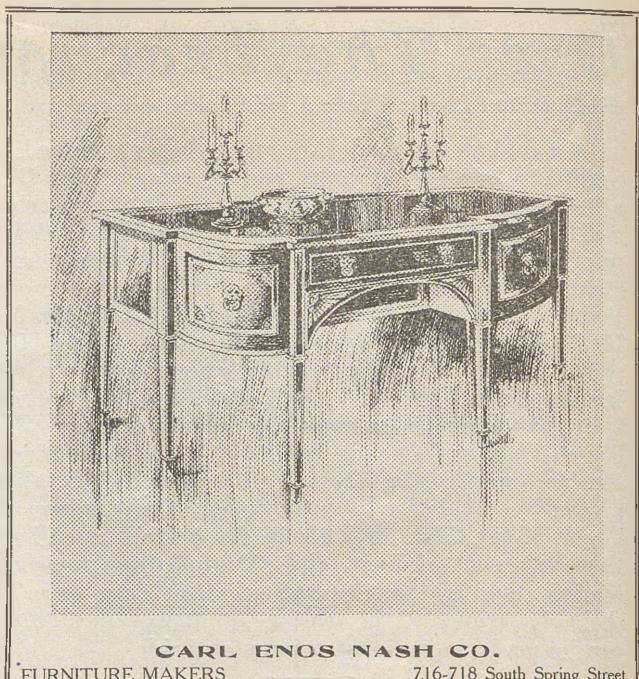
Home 5825
Sunset Main 1288

transferring it came there would be a unanimous vote in favor of the proposition. The two stockholders who do not belong to the club have made all the difficulty, if difficulty it can be called, in regard to the purchase, for these women could not agree to the terms proposed by their associates. The price of property in the neighborhood has increased, and naturally those having anything to sell, and not being interested as purchasers as well as buyers, would want to profit by the advance in values. At the beginning of the club year it was determined to lease for another season and then to consider the purchasing proposition again. At the last business session the club voted to lease for three years, and from suggestions made by prominent members there is reason to suppose that a larger and more commodious building, a little further out, may be put up at the end of that time. The club is increasing rapidly in membership and there is no restriction as to the number that may join so long as the applicants are eligible. The prospect is that in three years the present quarters will be entirely inadequate to the need and the board is looking to this situation. The property now occupied will be greatly increased in value before the expiration of the lease if the present prosperity continues in Los Angeles, and in case the club should decide to build further out the house on Figueroa street could be sold for enough to put up such a building as the needs of the organization will demand at that time.

Pasadena society has been augmented by the arrival of Mrs. Edwin Francis Holmes from Salt Lake City. She is in her picturesque home, El Robles, at 141 North Grand avenue, Pasadena, and it is understood that she will enter with some spirit into the social life of the place when Lent is over. Mrs. Holmes is known as the most successful mining woman in the United States. When she was Mrs. Emery she entered very largely into mining ventures and was successful to such an extent that she made a large fortune. She is worth, I believe, several million dollars in her own right, and still owns much valuable mining property. When she was married to Edwin Holmes a large part of her business interests were placed in the hands of agents. Mrs. Holmes is an attractive woman, as much at home in the drawing room as when in business consultation with her agents. She has two daughters of delightful personality, and is deeply interested in their happiness. When in Salt Lake Mr. and Mrs. Holmes live in Amelia Palace, which was purchased by them and remodeled. They have another home at Oak Wood, Utah, one of the handsomest residences in the West.

Two charming northern girls who are visiting in Los Angeles are the Misses Frances and Mildred Vaughan, who with their mother, Mrs. John Vaughan, have taken apartments at 417 South Alvarado street. The young women are cousins of Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, who is making their stay pleasant by many affairs, which include excursions to various parts of Southern California. Both the Misses Vaughan are recently out of school and are now enjoying their first taste of society.

Among other young people from the north who are enjoying a sojourn in Los Angeles are the Misses



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Louise and Evadne Bickell, of San Francisco. They are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlo Jones, of 1106 West Twenty-seventh street, and will be here for several weeks.

Guests of Count and Mrs. Von Schmidt, who were entertained Tuesday with a trolley trip to the Bolsa Chica Club, found the country delightful after the recent rains. Dinner at the club was a feature of the outing. With the green of the hills, and the lack of dust which characterizes the rural districts just now, the outing party has become the popular thing, and not even the strictest observers of Lent object to a little run into the country, when one feels in need of fresh air and a rest from the city's press of business.

The Dodge party, here from Denver in their private car, have been entertained at the Lankershim Hotel when in Los Angeles. They made a trip to Catalina in the course of the week. Everybody interested in this handsome new hotel is glad that Harry Fryman is to have the management, and indeed the prospect of his connection with the house promises well for its prosperity. Mr. Fryman formerly had charge of the Brighton Beach Hotel, and while he was at the head of the house it was one of the most popular of the fashionable seaside resorts. He is a thorough hotel man, and is well liked for his genial manner.

Mrs. John Perry, of Buena Park, is in town for a short time and has taken apartments at the Angels. Among notable Eastern visitors at this hotel is Mrs. A. Melville Tully from Chicago. Mrs. Tully is a daughter of Marshall Field. She came West accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Buena E. Stebbins.

Much interest among prominent families is manifested in the prospect of establishing a women's college in Los Angeles. The movement is meeting with approval from sources which at first promised only indifference. At present many of Los Angeles's

brightest daughters spend the best part of their school days far from home, traveling across the continent to secure the advantages of the only women's colleges available to them. There may be benefits in the experience which the girl derives from being among strangers, but it is a grave question with many whether parental influence is not of more advantage than wider experience to the young women of college age. I know of several cases in which parents oppose the co-education of the Northern Universities, where the girls are kept at home, rather than allowed to go so far away as the Eastern colleges for the higher education which they crave. I see that Mrs. Robert J. Burdette is among those most enthusiastic over the prospect of opening a college for women here. She is the founder of the Alpha Phi Sorority, which counts among its members many graduates from the leading women's colleges of the country. Aside from the advantage to Los Angeles girls, there is no question that the establishment of a college here would be a decided advantage to the city, which should be made in the truest sense an educational center. Both President Jordan of Stanford, and President Wheeler of Berkeley favor the enterprise, and both see the necessity for greater facilities for the education of women. The question of co-education does not need to enter very largely into the present consideration, for even those who advocate it realize that the northern universities are fast becoming overcrowded. It is a fact that a large number of men who wished to be admitted in the past year, have been unable to enter, because the places were filled by women. It is obvious that with the extraordinary rapid growth of this community, more and better educational advantages for women are needed. The idea has entered the brains of a few progressive persons, that a partial solution of the problem would be the opening of a women's college in Los Angeles. Ample endowment ought to be forthcoming as soon as the people have had time to digest the importance of the proposed enterprise.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

Mrs. E. S. Rowley, of Menlo avenue, is spending several weeks at Monrovia.

Miss Bessie Drake and Miss Seeley Drake are visiting friends at Tucson.

Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Bogart, of 1320 Westlake avenue, have returned from Tucson.

Senator Frank P. Flint registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, this week.

Hon. James McLachlan is in Porto Rico, as a member of the rivers and harbors committee.

Miss Lucy Mitchell, of Menlo avenue, left this week for San Francisco, en route for Honolulu.

Mrs. Fred Baker and her son, Frederick, have returned from a month's visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilcox (Ella Wheeler Wilcox) left Monday for their home at Short Beach, Conn.

Mrs. Elmer Barber, of South Hill street, is entertaining her niece, Miss Mary Kattleman, of Milwaukee.

Mrs. Arthur W. Bradbury, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Wilson, of South Grand avenue.

Mrs. C. W. Menning, of Des Moines, Iowa, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. H. McCord, of 1052 West Eighth street.

Mrs. Emma Brodtbeck and Miss Adele Brodtbeck, of 1007 West Seventh street, are expected home from the East next Wednesday.

Mrs. Frederick W. Miner, Miss Miner and Frederick R. Miner, of Tropico, have moved to 2202 West Twenty-fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Williams have returned from Honolulu and will be at home at 1110 West Twenty-seventh street April 1.

Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, of 424 Park View avenue, is entertaining the Misses Frances and Mildred Vaughan, of Bellingham, Wash.

Mrs. Finis P. Ernest of Denver, who has been staying at the Lunkershim, is now visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Niehols, of 818 Lake street.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott are at the Westminster. They will be at home at 837 Burlington avenue the third and fourth Fridays in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, of 1106 West Twenty-seventh street, are entertaining the Misses Louise and Evadne Bickell, of San Francisco.

The Right Rev. P. T. Rowe, Bishop of Alaska, and Mrs. Rowe have been guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. Philip G. Hubert, of 2144 Hobart Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Drake, Miss Pearl Seeley and Miss Marguerite Drake, of 2633 Hoover street, have returned from a visit of several weeks in San Francisco. Miss Mary Small, of San Francisco, is their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover leave tomorrow for San Francisco to visit their daughter at Berkeley. Mr. Clover will then proceed to Chicago and New York, expecting to be in the East two or three months.

Receptions, Etc.

March 18.—California Badger Club at the residence of Mrs. Clarence P. Bartlett, 247 Grand View; reception for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

March 18.—Ocean Park Country Club; dance.

March 18.—Mrs. William Garland, 757 Westlake avenue; box party at the Mason.

March 18.—Miss Rita Jacoby, 739 South Hope street; theater party for Miss Margaret Woollacott.

March 18.—Dr. and Mrs. W. T. McArthur, 333 West Twenty-eighth street; dinner for Mrs. Purden Smith-Miller and Dr. W. H. Hall.

March 18.—Miss Alice Cline and Miss Rita Morres, 421 West Adams street; for Miss Marguerite Hughes.

March 20.—Mrs. W. T. McArthur, 333 West Twenty-eighth street; luncheon for Mrs. Purden Smith-Miller.

March 20.—Mrs. George G. Mulins and Miss Mary Mullins, 3118 South Grand avenue; for Monday Musical Club.

March 20.—Miss Gwendolen Laughlin, 666 West Adams street; luncheon for Miss Phila Johnson.

March 20.—Mrs. Elmer Barber, South Hill street; for Miss Mary Kattleman, of Milwaukee.

March 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur S. Tupper, 2237 Harvard Boulevard; musicale.

March 21.—Mrs. Helen A. Hinton, Hotel Westmore; for High Euchre Club.

March 21.—Count and Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, Chester Place; dinner at Bolsa Chica Club.

March 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Magauran, 817 South Alvarado street; for Leisure Hour Whist Club.

March 22.—Mrs. Madison B. Jones, 2926 Halldale avenue; for Mrs. J. M. Black, of Knoxville, Tenn.

March 23.—Mrs. John F. Ellis and Mrs. James Foord, Hotel Melrose; trolley trip to Verdugo.

March 23.—Mrs. J. M. Gaige and Mrs. E. M. Gaylord, 1515 South Hope street; for Mrs. H. A. Zeck, Mrs. Louis Peters and Miss Zeck.

March 23.—Miss Stella Nadeau, of Nadeau; theater party at Belasco's.

March 23-24.—Mrs. J. H. F. Peck, Baker Block; luncheons.

March 24.—Leonidas Club; dance at Kramer's.

March 24.—Mrs. Harry Woolner, 651 Westlake avenue; at home.

Anastasia's Date Book

March 25.—Mrs. Harold H. Braly, 1615 West Seventh street; luncheon for Miss Stella Bumiller.

March 25.—Concordia Club; annual cotillion.

March 25.—Miss Pearl Mesmer, 1157 West Eighth street; for Students' Musical Club.

- March 27.—Mrs. Octavius Morgan, 819 Westlake avenue; for Pine Forest Whist Club.
- March 27.—Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Valentine, 916 South Alvarado street; for Trolley Whist Club.
- March 28.—Mrs. James T. Neighbors, 1315 West Ninth street; for Butterfly Whist Club.
- March 28.—Mrs. W. F. Pleas, 957 South Burlington avenue; for Duplicate Whist Club.
- March 29.—Mrs. Frank Garrett, Twenty-eighth and Bud-long avenue; for Wednesday Drive Whist Club.
- March 29.—Mrs. James Goodhue, Hotel Beacon; for Harmony Whist Club.
- March 30.—Mrs. G. A. Dobinson's reading of "The Sin of David" at the Dobinson Auditorium.
- March 31.—Mrs. A. M. Holst, 832 Grand View street; for Lakeside Whist Club.
- April 1.—Mrs. Walter J. Wren, Hotel Wells-Lee; house party at Wren's Nest, Hermosa Beach.
- April 25.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy; dance at Kramer's.

Recent Weddings

- March 19.—Charles Isenstein to Miss Ida Frankel, at 1610 South Hill street.
- March 22.—Dr. W. H. Hall, of Butte, Mont., to Mrs. Purden Smith-Miller, at 333 West Twenty-eighth street.

Approaching Weddings

- April 4.—Mr. Charles W. Brown to Miss Daisy Russell.
- April 5.—Mr. Charles W. Barrett to Miss Cora A. Tibbott.
- April 26.—Mr. Samuel Mansfield Copp to Miss Frances Fuller, in St. John's.

Engagements.

- Mr. Lawrence Burke to Miss Phila Borden Johnson.
Mr. Robert H. Adams to Miss Elida Harris.





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THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL

Champagnes

BUT, please REMEMBER, that each bottle of the GENUINE Clicquot, imported direct from FRANCE bears

VIGNIER'S LABEL

also please notice that the cork is "NOT TIED WITH A STRING"

Do not accept substitutes! **A. Roth, Agt.**

On the Stage and Off

Frederick Belasco, in presenting at this time a "cut-rate" and left-handed edition of "Parsifal," once more demonstrates his sagacity as a business manager. It is of little consequence that "Parsifal" was not made for such purpose, and that under such guise it is an impossible piece of work and an abomination to anyone with the least reverence for art. Mr. Belasco knows his public, and his intentions, no doubt, are the best. He realizes that Los Angeles knows little of "Parsifal," but in view of the Conried advent next month he knows we are all hungry for enlightenment. If preliminary instruction at 75 cents can prepare us to be able to enjoy a \$10 performance, we should be grateful to Mr. Belasco. But does it? We shall see. There is another suggestion, which perhaps is mean but nevertheless may possibly have occurred to the management—that lots of us who will not be able to afford Conried prices can now say with equanimity, "Oh, yes, I've seen 'Parsifal'!" Yes, we have seen something of "Parsifal," but we have not heard it, and "Parsifal" was written primarily to be heard.

To my mind, Fitzgerald Murphy, who is said to have been originally responsible for this dramatized version at Belasco's, was guilty of a most rash impertinence. But when such impertinences are sure of their reward by public patronage, why should Mr. Murphy be blamed more than those of us who, by our patronage, make the Murphyized "Parsifal" possible? Assuredly, if Richard Wagner had been subjected to a sojourn in Hell, Satan could have devised no more cruel torment than to compel him to witness the Murphyized "Parsifal."

It would be almost as sane and as reasonable to reduce one of Shakespeare's tragedies to a vaudeville turn as to submit Wagner to the Murphy-Belasco process. For the soul of "Parsifal" is expressed primarily and predominantly in the music. The music without the drama is still expressive; the drama without the music is an empty, soulless show. Hence it is that while Mr. Belasco is doing something that is calculated to prove extremely popular and remunerative, his enterprise must be deprecated by all with the least reverence for art. It will be at once maintained that there is music in the Belasco production; that the management has provided an augmented orchestra and that the auditor is given a fair idea of the "Parsifal" music. I listened as attentively and as sympathetically as I could to the music on Monday night under Mr. Laraia's direction. Instead of sugaring the Murphy pill it increased its bitterness. For most of it was hopelessly inadequate and very bad—confused, incoherent and blatant. The only moments of pleasure and relief that the music gave me were experienced during Harold Forman's pure and beautiful singing. For those few moments alone we breathed the true atmosphere of "Parsifal."

The only apology for such a production is that it prepares us for a better comprehension of the great music drama. Does it? That must remain an open question, to be answered only by each individual. Personally, I do not think the Belasco version will enhance the enjoyment of the Conried performance,

provided one is already familiar with the mystically religious romance of "Parsifal." For myself, it has made earthy that which might have remained heavenly. It has given me an impression of the Holy Grail and its knights that I would be glad to forget. It is the attempt to translate to the vulgar tongue something totally untranslatable, the mystic beauty and sense of which can only be preserved in the music-drama, as Wagner conceived and composed it.

Nevertheless, I realize that to many this view that the Belasco version is an unfortunate and unpardonable transgression of art will seem hypercritical and that many are grateful for it. Furthermore, there is much in the performance that from the minor point of view—of detail—deserves sincere commendation.

The Belasco genius for stage management was never exploited with more brilliant success. Many of the tableaux are beautifully effective. Indeed, I do not remember ever beholding a more effective stage picture than the scene by Gurnemanz's hut on Parsifal's return. Mr. Maxwell Alexander, the scene painter of the theater, is in fact the most successful performer in Mr. Belasco's big company; that is to say, his work not only escapes adverse criticism, but deserves the highest praise. The transformation from the beauty of Klingsor's garden to the scene of storm and desolation, when Parsifal has caught the sacred spear, is a triumph of stage management. The details of the stage also are, as ever at Belasco's, carried out with lavish hand and great ingenuity. Once more unstinted praise is due Mr. Barnum, undoubtedly the most skilful stage manager Los Angeles has ever seen. Mr. Barnum also essays the exacting impersonation of the venerable Gurnemanz. He reads his many lines reverently and impressively and never strays from the picture.

Despite evidently earnest effort—sometimes painfully evident—to rise to the ideals of "Parsifal" the principals fail in their intolerable task. Mr. Oberle comes nearer suggesting spiritual tragedy than any of his colleagues, and his impersonation of Amfortas, the wounded king of the Grail, is at times almost convincing. Mr. Galbraith is modest in his attempt to realize "Parsifal," but does not succeed in producing more than a poster effect. Miss Gardner as Kundry is entirely out of her element, but does her utmost with ordinary methods to achieve the extraordinary. Howard Scott is so consumed with Klingsor's satanisms that he screeches unintelligibly and his gestures are as frantic as Kundry's screams. It is not possible to speak sympathetically of the results achieved by these clever actors, although one sympathizes thoroughly with the causes that lead to their undoing.

Belasco's "Parsifal" has proved so successful in its popular appreciation that the management will continue it throughout next week.

R. H. C.

—
A courteous correspondent writes to take up the cudgels for Miss Blanche Hall, who is playing the part of Esther in "Mizpah" at the Burbank. My correspondent believes that "if there was anything that impressed me above all others, it was the careful, intense, enthusiastic and soul-inspiring work of the character of Esther, so ably portrayed by Miss Hall." I had dismissed Miss Hall somewhat curtly by saying that she had "neither the physique nor

Lenten Reading

By MRS. GEORGE A. DOBINSON

"THE SIN OF DAVID"

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"Parsifal"

Monday April 17

AND

Lucia di Lammermoor

Tuesday April 18

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"Parsifal"

So tremendous has been the success of the Belasco production of this dignified and reverential play that, in order to satisfy the thousands who have been unable to secure seats, Parsifal will be continued for

Another Week,

Commencing Monday Night, March 27

Curtain rises every night at 8 sharp, and at 2 sharp.

In preparation: The greatest farce of the decade---**Charley's Aunt.**

the talent for Esther." I might have added—and I wish I had—that Miss Hall's work was very earnest and careful. My amiable correspondent hits me slyly when he says, "As to the 'physique' of Esther I have no knowledge." Nor, candidly, have I. But the dramatic requirements of the figure are to a considerable extent heroic, and it is doubly hard for an actress of small stature to produce strongly emotional effects. Mrs. Wilcox herself believes that Adele Block, formerly leading woman at Belasco's, is almost the ideal Esther, and so enthusiastic is the authoress about Miss Block's success in the part in San Francisco that she has made a special request of Mr. Frohman that he will engage Miss Block for the production of "Mizpah" in the East. Miss Block is herself a Jewess.

Maxim Gorky, during his recent imprisonment in St. Petersburg, completed a new play, "The Children of the Sun", of which the police has seized the manuscript. The idea of the play is that there is a great gulf between cultured Russian society and the poor classes, and shows that while one-half of society is rich and cultured and the other half sunk in barbarism united happiness is impossible. Gorky had only a short glimpse of liberty February 27. Released on \$5,000 bail, he was immediately rearrested and conveyed to a place of confinement pending deportation to some distant city or province, probably the Baltic port of Riga, although its climate is too severe for his tendency to tuberculosis.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason. Manager Wyatt's house will reopen Thursday evening with the engagement of Lionel Barrymore in Augustus Thomas's latest comedy, "The Other Girl." The play is said to be a mixture of scintillating comedy, unique characterization and touches of pathos. The novel idea of a modern pugilist is utilized as a leading character of interest and is offset by a dignified athletic minister. Charles Frohman has surrounded Mr. Barrymore with a strong company. The next attraction at the Mason following "The Other Girl" will be "The Virginian."

Morosco's Burbank. The last performance of "Mizpah," which has proved a still greater success in its second week, will be given Saturday afternoon and evening. Sunday afternoon the first performance of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" will be given.

Belasco's. The demand for seats to witness "Parsifal" has been so great that even after the first performance the management desired to continue the notable production a second week.

Orpheum. Willy Zimmermann will be the headliner next week with his life portraits of celebrated composers. The Four Sensational Boises will throw each other about the stage in a most reckless fashion. Borani and Nevaro will appear in "Weary Waggles, the Dandy Dude Tramp." Murphy and Francis will be seen in "Real Coon Habits." Miss Mabel McKinley will be heard for another week, and will introduce her new song of California, "Arcadia."

Grand. Frank Bacon in "The Hills of California," already a well-established favorite here, will be the attraction for the week commencing Sunday.

In the Musical World

The resignation of Richard Henry Warren from St. Bartholomew's, New York, to which reference was made last week, has led to much speculation as to the future musical policy of the church authorities.

St. Bartholomew's is the old church of Dr. Greer, who it will be remembered was strongly pressed for the bishopric of Los Angeles on its organization in 1895, and who has since become bishop-coadjutor of New York. Under Dr. Greer's beneficent sway, backed by Mr. Warren's high capacity, the fine male and female choir of the church has always stood in the forefront of notable services.

With the advent of the new dispensation it is not at all unlikely that boys will supplant the women—thus adding greatly to the powerful forces at work in the American church for reversion to the typical English usage.

This boy versus woman question has many interesting phases, and not the least of these is the hoity-toity way in which the average churchman will pronounce for or against one or the other.

Anyone who has had experience in the churches of both sides of the Atlantic will have no hesitation in declaring for boys if the English conditions can obtain.

But to take a bunch of the general run of American youngsters and, with the two or three half-hours a week they will consent to clip off their playtime, expect to present a smooth, reverent, musicianly service verges almost on the absurd.

The building of a fine boy choir is a large matter. The boys must be caught young and have good natural voices. They should pass at once into a regular choir school, where voice training, sight reading and practical experience go daily hand in hand with thorough general education and all round out-door sports.

In such case the boys live and grow in a constant environment of music from a church standpoint; and, hearing nothing but music of the highest type, and living an ideal boy-life, they naturally become part and parcel of the church's ritual and fully competent to interpret the glorious compositions of the great church writers.

It may be that New York and other great American centers are in a position to follow a like procedure with the American boy. If so, there need be no fear of the outcome.

But, short of this, the boy choir in this country is, with a very few notable exceptions, a dismal failure. No anthem work of the larger forms may be even thought of. Service settings of the canticles (in which field lies much of the beauty of the church's music) are out of the question, and presentations of the oratorios and greater cantatas in their season are simply impossible.

And thus, in attempting the inadvisable, the very sphere in which the church should be doing notable educational work is denuded of all virility—stump-

ing along aimlessly and shamelessly on a few chants, an odd hymn or two and an occasional Buck or Schnecker or Shelley or Hellely or some one of the wretched travesties which only too often besmirch the purity and nobility of the beautiful Episcopal service.

In fact, we may as well accept the inevitable and confess that woman is as indispensable in the highest type of church music as she is in most other walks of life—high or low. And he is the wise rector who, quick to recognize this fact, goes hand in hand with the rightly trained church musician in the building up and perfecting of the best mixed choir obtainable.

The Ellis Club gives its third concert of the season at the Simpson on Tuesday evening, April 4, the program again showing a wide eclecticism and the desirable spice of variety:

"Oh World, Thou Art so Fair".....	Gericke
"Where Long Ago My Cradle Stood".....	Handberg
"Swords Out for Charlie".....	Bullard
Solo. JOHN DOUGLAS WALKER.	
Contralto Song	MISS CHRISTIN.
"Third Mass in G Minor"	Mercadante
Solo Quartet. MISSES MARTIN AND NUTTING, MESSRS. WALKER AND WHITEHEAD.	
"When the Moon Shall Rise"	Little
Solo, E. S. SHANK.	
"Benediction of the Alps"	Baldamus
Solo, ADOLPH PFANNKUCHEN.	
Contralto Song	MISS CHRISTIN.
"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes".....	Nevin
Violin Obligato. MISS BESSIE CHAPIN.	
"Crusaders' Departure"	Filke

The concert is to commence at 8:15 promptly, and the club, following its long-established usage, will have closed doors during each number. Miss Blanche Rogers will of course grace the piano stool and receive the customary bouquet with the charming blush and shy look of surprise which so well become her. For the Mercadante Mass Miss Rogers will flit to the organ bench and try conclusions with the coy and uncertain monster.

The Ellis Club has certainly done its share in the disciplining of late comers. But I wish sincerely that something more drastic still could be devised. Closing the doors during the numbers simply means a long wait between the numbers while the discourteous and inconsiderate tardyites crush past the more sensible folk. At "Parsifal" the other night this ploughing in of high heels and turning things generally upside down went on for fully half an hour after the curtain went up. On they trapzed over one's toes without a word of apology or regret!

And the curious part of it is that our supposedly cultivated people are amongst the worst sinners, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred I am perfectly sure that it is an indignity that could easily have been avoided. Sheer selfishness and gross inconsiderateness are at the root of the matter, as a matter of fact, and we may as well look the miserable truth in the face and say that many of our very good friends have very queer ideas of manners.

Monday sees the opening of the single ticket sale for the Conried Opera Co. Opinions differ as to the

weight of influence that the Belasco production will have for or against Parsifal. In my opinion it will make little or no difference in the attendance. People will insist on seeing the Conried operatic spectacle no matter whether they wildly approved or cordially detested the dramatic version.

Had I my way, these travesties on biblical beliefs would never be seen on the stage in any guise—call them miracle plays or “dedicational festival plays” or what you will. Not all Wagner’s genius can, to my mind, mitigate the repugnance with which should be viewed any staging of the events and functions which we hold to be the most (possibly the only) sacred things left to us in this materialistic age.

I am not a ritualist, and there is small sympathy in my make-up with current symbolism. But, surely there are some things which we can and should keep clear of public exploitation—some things which are pre-eminently the province of the church and grossly out of place as a stage spectacle. If not, it is not difficult to foresee the day when the old ideals must give place to the breaking-down process of make-believe play acting and the wonders of stage illusion.

And yet, we will all go to see “Parsifal” and believe that it teaches the lesson of life as the church has never yet taught it—and in this we will be right.

Caruso in “Lucia” is sure to be the great sensation of the engagement, “Parsifal” to the contrary notwithstanding. Edgardo is a star part for him throughout, and it is easy to imagine the overwhelming effect of the famous sextet in the hands of the Conried cast. “That marvel of colorature ability,” Mme. Sembrich, as Lucia will, I trust, affect me more fa-

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vorably than she has yet succeeded in doing. Her Elsa on her last visit here was woefully disappointing from every standpoint.

There is an enormous advance sale and everything points to a record-breaking two nights.

The Los Angeles Choral Society's “Elijah” is being put forth as this issue is on the press. Comment on the presentation must perforce go over to next week.

The Symphony Orchestra gives its sixth concert of the season on Friday afternoon next at the Mason. Harry Clifford Lott, a sterling good singer and a thorough artist, is the soloist of the day. This, with Mr. Hamilton's fine program, should certainly draw the best audience of the season.

The Symphony Orchestra needs support in this and in all its efforts—and it deserves the highest success. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

NOTES.

Fritz Kreisler at the Simpson on Tuesday evening will attract the cognoscenti.

Max and Julia Heinrich in recital at the Simpson on Tuesday, April 11, are announced by Mr. Behymer.

Clarence Cook gives a pupils' evening of violin music tonight (Friday).

Easter waxes apace and the choirmasters are whetting their musical swords for April 23.

Manuel Garcia was 100 years old on March 17. He held three kings and took the pot of decorations, pictures and decorations which were showered upon him in profusion. Bah, Osler, bah!

William H. Lott has decided to conduct a Sight Reading Class, the sessions of one hour to be held once a week, at a time and place soon to be announced. Mr. Lott in his announcement very properly states that “many good singers find their musical progress very much hampered by the lack of this accomplishment, and choir singers find it difficult to secure and hold positions because they cannot read readily.” Mr. Lott's studio is now at 1044 South Hope street.

Domenico Russo will coach Marquis Ellis during the next six months in opera. Mr. Ellis has operatic ambitions and he seized upon Russo's coming to Los Angeles as a favorable opportunity to secure the coveted training. Russo, by the way, has accepted Mr. Ellis's song, “The Nazarene,” and will use it in his concert repertoire this season.

In the Wisconsin Legislature Senator Merton has submitted a measure to protect the rights of individuals who purchase tickets to theaters or other places of amusement providing for the punishment of managers of such places by fines of from \$25 to \$100 or imprisonment of from twenty-five days to six months for preventing the attendance at performances of any person who has secured a ticket. This will have a bearing upon such cases as that of Ernst Kronshage, a dramatic critic of Milwaukee, who was refused admission to the Davidson Theater because the manager objected to his criticisms of plays at that house.

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Financial

OIL

The report recently circulated that the Southern Pacific company had taken off its oil burning engines on the Sacramento-Truckee division because the liquid fuel would not "make steam" as satisfactorily as coal, has caused considerable comment among oil men, and the reasons assigned for making the change were seriously questioned.

I recently asked a Southern Pacific man, and one too, who is in a position to know what he is talking about, how it was that oil did not produce as good results as coal on their engines. His answer was interesting and explains some things in connection with the present depressed condition of the industry.

In the first place he stated that the best fuel on earth, the cheapest, most easily handled, and most efficient, was oil. There was no comparison between oil and coal.

To begin with there were more than ten oil burning engines on the Sacramento-Truckee division. The replacing of coal burners for oil burners on this division is due to the fact that it is difficult to get oil. This may appear incredible in view of the persistent reports of an immense overproduction, but it can be explained. The Associated Oil company is short in its deliveries to the S. P. Co. on the big contract made some time ago. The Associated has been attending to more profitable contracts. Nevertheless the S. P. Co. is interested enough in the Associated to refrain from either making a demand on them for the oil due, or going into the open markets and bidding for oil. The S. P. Co. as the largest consumer of oil in the state does not want the price to advance; and an advance would most likely result in the event of their admitting a shortage in their supply. The S. P. Co., in other words, is protecting the Associated as far as possible against an advance, and consequently is relieving it of a part of its obligation.

As a further argument that there is an overproduction it is reported that the Salt Lake company is not drilling its wells in—that is, that the wells are simply drilled to the top of the sand and work is suspended, giving the impression that they have more oil than they know what to do with.

The S. P. Co. has 687 oil burners on its lines at present consuming something over 40,000 barrels of oil daily. They have 800 engines not yet equipped with oil burners. If these 800 engines should be converted into oil burners, the daily consumption would increase about 50,000 barrels. There is no doubt, if this were done, but that the price of oil would advance to possibly double its present selling price. This, of course, the S. P. Co. does not want to see happen.

All these things bring us back to the old question: "Is actual overproduction or manipulation responsible for the present low prices."

The Standard Oil Co. apparently is not bothering itself about fuel oil, and is content to let the Associated do the business in that line. There seems to be no doubt but that the two concerns are working together. It is known that both at McKittrick and

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in the Kern River fields oil sold to the Standard is being delivered into the Associated lines.

Between the Standard Oil Co., the S. P. Railway and the Associated Oil Co. the producer is certainly having a hard row to hoe, and as a result field operations all over the state are well nigh at a standstill; and the prospects are that there must be an advance in price, before any further activity is shown. B.

Financial Notes.

The First National Bank of Redlands has completed extensive improvements and alterations in its banking quarters.

The Granite Bank and Trust Co. of Monrovia will increase its capital to \$50,000 (paid in) and become a National bank. The savings and trust departments will be continued.

The Guaranty Trust Company has incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000, fully subscribed. The directors are: J. W. Evans, W. Griffin, E. C. Her-

low, Ocean Park; G. C. Lemeke and T. Horton, Santa Monica.

M. Terpenning, cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Corona, has been appointed receiver in the action of the German American Savings Bank against E. E. Hamilton. He has been authorized to take possession of the Phillips Block in Corona, against which foreclosure proceedings have been commenced, and to keep the building in repair.

The Gardena Bank and Trust Company has incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000, fully subscribed. The directors are: Clinton B. Casler and M. P. Snyder, Los Angeles; E. W. Olney, C. E. Wallin and B. E. Jones, Gardena. Casler is the principal incorporator and has almost all of the subscribed stock.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bankers' Savings Bank of Pasadena, the following officers and directors were elected: President, Isaac Bailey; vice-president, Henry Newby; cashier and secretary, E. E. Webster; treasurer, E. J. Pyle; directors, A. D. Crosby, B. W. Hahn and Winthrop B. Fay.

A new bank, to be called, probably, the Citizens' Bank, is to be started at Benson, Ariz. Those behind the plan are connected with the First National Bank of Douglass. Organization has already been perfected and the officers have been chosen as follows: L. C. Hanks, president; H. Gerwein, vice-president; J. A. Gibbs, cashier. The directors are the following: L. C. Hanks, W. S. Dixon and E. A. Von Arnim, of Douglas, and H. Gerwein and E. H. Etz, of Benson.

Las Vegas, the new desert metropolis between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, is preparing to put on airs. The town will have a bank in a short time, the enterprise being backed by Los Angeles and Salt Lake City capital. Walker Bros., of the last-named city, and T. E. Gibbons, of Los Angeles, are interested. The new bank will have a capital of \$50,000, all subscribed.

The Merchants' National Bank of San Diego is moving into new quarters in the Granger Building at Fifth and D streets.

Bonds.

The Board of Education of Santa Monica has decided to call a bond election to vote on an issue of \$40,000 for school improvements and new buildings. The issue is \$40,000 of \$1,000 denomination, bearing 4½ per cent interest; \$1,350 is for sites, \$20,000 for two 5-room buildings, \$5,000 for furniture, \$1,700 for sidewalks and curbing, and \$1,000 for stone wall, \$1,500 for addition to Franklin School. Total, \$40,550.

The City Treasurer of Santa Ana has been enriched by \$109,663.80, paid by the William R. Staats Co. of Pasadena, acting as agents for the N. W. Harris Co. of Chicago, for the water-works bonds of \$100,000. Payment represents the par value of the bonds, with accrued interest and premium. The proceeds will be used to increase the water system, putting in new machinery, renewing and enlarging mains.

The City Clerk of Long Beach will receive sealed proposals until 12 noon, March 27, for purchase of \$30,000 bonds for Public Convention Hall.

The stockholders of the Anaheim Union Water Co. are notified that at a regular meeting of the board of directors February 4 a resolution was adopted to increase the bonded indebtedness from \$114,500 to \$300,000. The stockholders of the corporation will on Saturday, April 22, at 10 a. m., vote upon said proposition.

The proposed \$17,000 fire bond issue voted upon at Redlands was defeated.

The citizens of Whittier have voted in favor of the issue of \$110,000 for water improvement bonds. As soon as the bonds are sold the city will purchase choice water-bearing lands and then will install a new force main from the wells to the reservoir, a distance of two miles. A new distributing system will be laid and a new reservoir; also another pump will be installed and several new wells drilled.

The proposition to issue bonds of \$75,000 for erecting new schools at Long Beach carried by a large majority.

A certificate authorizing the Colton Gas Co. of Colton to create a bonded indebtedness of \$50,000 has been filed with the County Clerk of San Bernardino. The money will be used to enlarge the gas plant, extend new mains and improve the service generally. The directors propose to issue \$30,000 in bonds, running 30 years. The remaining bonds will be kept in the treasury for future use.

The Trustees of El Monte School District have called for an election for April 8 to vote on an issue of \$16,000 school bonds bearing 5 per cent.

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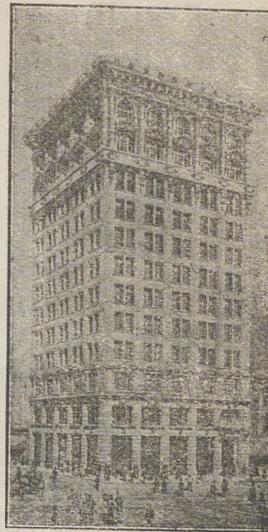
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